

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXII, No. 2242

and **BYSTANDER**

London
June 14, 1944



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LONDON

JUNE 14, 1944

Price:

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Drawing by Olive Snell

“ . . . Men will speak with pride of our doings ”

Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery spoke these words in a stirring message to his troops made shortly before he led them in the greatest assault that history has ever known, on the enemy-occupied coast of Northern France. The Army Group commanded by the General is made up of British, Canadian and American forces, and in the Prime Minister's words "the ardour and spirit of the troops was splendid to witness"



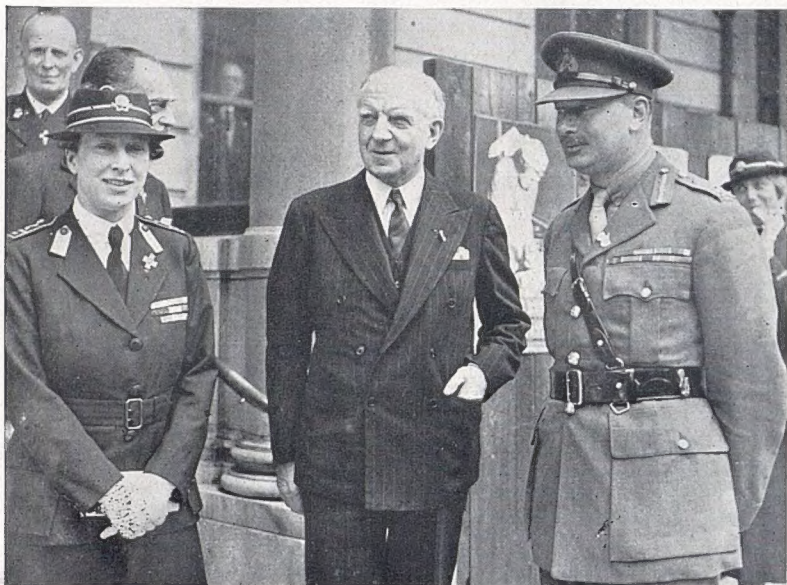
WAY OF THE WAR

"By Foresight"

Thought

THE pattern of the strategy by which freedom is to be restored to Europe by force of Allied arms has not yet been fully unfolded. The Allied commanders are obviously holding more surprises in their hands. This may be one of the reasons why Hitler has not shown the full force of his resistance to our landings. But this thought springs to one's mind as confidence grows everywhere. This is

Churchill spoke four years ago in a moment of tension, in the hour of danger, and at a time when Britain faced Hitler alone and was practically divested of all arms. But her Air Force was still in the skies and growing in strength and courage and confidence, and by these qualities they won for us the Battle of Britain and made possible the new battles which have been reopened on the Continent of Europe.



The Princess Royal, Lord Woolton and the Duke of Gloucester all wore flags sold in London for the Red Cross and St. John War Organization. 26,000,000 emblems were distributed all over the country, and similar collections were held in many parts of the Commonwealth



Red Cross Day Was Held on "D Day" in Britain

"Give More Than Ever" was this year's slogan for Red Cross Flag Day, which coincided with the first day of the Allied invasion. Lady Londonderry, President of the Women's Legion, bought her flag from three nurses in a London district

Hitler's last battle: for us it is the first of a series which will bring final victory.

Prophecy

THE first Armada of Freedom sailed from Britain's southern shore four years almost to the hour after Mr. Winston Churchill's declaration to a stilled House of Commons that we had successfully evacuated "by a miracle of deliverance" three hundred and thirty-five thousand French and British soldiers "out of the jaws of death" from Dunkirk. It was then that he said that "we shall not be content with a defensive war, and our duty to our Allies is to reconstitute and build up the British Expeditionary Force once again..."

In this speech Mr. Churchill defied Hitler to invade the British Isles. "We shall not flag or fail, we shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and strength in the air, we shall defend our island whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills, we shall never surrender. . . ."

These were historic words which their author has lived and striven and succeeded in fulfilling. It is given to few men, even to the greatest of statesmen, to see their prophecies fulfilled. Mr.

Reaction

"**W**e shall fight on the beaches. . . ." These words re-echoed in the minds of most Members of Parliament as Mr. Churchill slowly rose from his seat, glanced at Mr. Speaker, and announced that Allied forces had succeeded in establishing the first bridgehead in Northern France. Mr. Churchill showed none of that emotion which usually comes over him on great occasions such as this. He spoke slowly, almost coldly, but confidently. He had been out through the night with Mr. Ernest Bevin watching the men embark and sail away.

Those who watch Mr. Churchill closely saw a change in him. For weeks past he had been like a man carrying an additionally heavy load. In debate he had spoken with less vivacity and slower. At question time, which he has been in the habit of enjoying because of the opportunity to throw quips, he had been deadly serious, and was satisfied to answer in monosyllables. Many people imagined that this was due to ill health. They were wrong. Mr. Churchill was living through the period of the final planning for the invasion of Europe. His powerful voice and his quick brain both seemed to be stilled by the immensity of the operations pending and the very reality of their meaning to all everywhere. Mr. Churchill was a freer and happier man when the Allied armada at last set sail. Here was to be the answer to all

History

ONLY the facts and figures which history will record can give us in years to come a proper perspective of the vastness of this assault on the Continent. We know that it has never been attempted before in such numbers and with such organization. The organization of shipping alone must have been a monumental task, and one fraught with risk at all moments. Then there was the embarkation of men and material and their food. Above all this, there was the assembly of the greatest air armada the world has ever known. To contemplate that between midnight and breakfast time on June 6, thirty-one thousand airmen had been over France gives one some idea of one part of the operation.

It was the day that people in this country had waited for, and lately they had become weary in waiting. We cannot know how wearied those people were in waiting in subjugation in many parts of Europe. All we can tell is of the people in this country. When the first news spread there was a thrill and a sense of excitement noticeable everywhere. It was something, however, which one felt. There was nothing actually visible. Thousands of men, aeroplanes and ships had left the South Coast and to those in London it meant so much although they never saw it. There was no visible change in the progress of London life on June 6. Yet it was an historic day.



Hero of the Tirpitz Attack

Lt.-Cdr. R. Baker-Faulkner, D.S.O., D.S.C., awarded the D.S.O. for leading the attack which crippled the German battleship Tirpitz, recently commanded a Fleet Air Arm striking force which "virtually annihilated" a German convoy off Norway

Eisenhower had struck his first blow at an obvious point. It was so obvious that the Germans did not put up the resistance which was expected. They must have assumed that this was but a first landing and that it might not be the real invasion point. This might come at some point nearer to the heart of Germany. Only time will show this. But it would be wrong to assume at this stage that the Germans have not got plans well and thoroughly prepared which provide for holding back the full force of the Luftwaffe and their mobile forces. It may not have been part of this plan—as, indeed, is now evident—to drive back the Allies into the sea as soon as they landed. The plan may be to allow them to advance some distance inland and then force them to battle in the hope of achieving victory by one great stroke.

Saved

CONGRATULATIONS have been showered on General Sir Harold Alexander for his successes in Italy by which he has forced on the Germans a disastrous retreat and has saved Rome. Kesselring was out-generalled by Sir Harold Alexander and it seems doubtful whether he can at any point save even the remnants of his reputation or the strength of the forces at his command. The successes in Italy may have their repercussions on the new battles in France. The successful landings in France are certain to have their repercussions in Italy. The Germans are being forced back on their heels, with the Russians poised to attack in great strength from the East, and with further heavy Allied blows threatening at a variety of points.

Before the war one of Hitler's political gambits was to propagate the assertion that Germany was encircled and therefore it behoved him to do all in his power to break through. He broke through and brought misery to millions of people. But once more the circle closes round the German people. It is a circle of steel, and there is no escape. The German leaders must be thinking this as hourly they wait to scan the military reports. So must the German people as they listen at their radios.



The G.O.C. and the Drum-Major

Major-Gen. Scobie, C.B.E., M.C., the new G.O.C. Malta, shortly after his arrival on the island, attended the changing of the guard at the Governor's summer residence. He is seen talking to Drum-Major Hunt, of the Irish Fusiliers

Visitor

GENERAL DE GAULLE was in London to see the final plans put into motion to free France. Four years ago he saw the reverse process. He was a lone figure in those days, almost unknown. There is no doubt that he gathered from Mr. Churchill some of that faith and confidence which made it possible for our Prime Minister to penetrate the darkness which was descending over Europe. General de Gaulle is now about to see the deliverance of his country. It was a timely as well as a generous gesture to invite General de Gaulle to stand at General Eisenhower's side as one by one the military plans were put into operation.

Future

AT this moment of writing it is too early to assess the prospects of battle. We must assume, however, that very fierce fighting lies ahead. The Germans have promised us this, but we must not forget that they promised that we would never be able to set foot on the Continent. There were surprises waiting there for the Allied soldiers which would stop them. It seems that these surprises were of little account. Therefore we can assume that the Germans have had the real surprise. Certainly the selection of the stretch of coast between St. Malo and Le Havre for the first landing may have been a surprise for the Germans. General



Reception in Algiers

Military and civilian representatives of all the Allied Nations were present at a reception given recently by Mr. Duff Cooper, British Representative with the French Committee of National Liberation, and Lady Diana Duff Cooper at their villa in Algiers. They are seen greeting their guests



Reunion in Italy

When Anzio bridgehead forces, after many months of attack and counter attack, finally broke out and joined up with main forces of the 5th Army, Gen. Mark Clark shook hands with the first U.S. soldier to arrive. The meeting took place some miles south of the Mussolini Canal

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Two Grand Films and Miss Rogers

By James Agate

By one of those felicities which Coincidence can produce when she likes, *The Way Ahead* (Odeon) was shown to the press at the very hour when the Invasion news was breaking. In my view this superb picture knocks every war picture made in this country silly, sideways and flat. This for the reason that I believe it to be true. It is not patronizing. One does not find oneself wondering how its fashionable author came to know this and that about the lower classes who "say what you like, my sweet, make up the greater part of our army, navy and air force." The story—of which there is blessedly little—is by Eric Ambler. But what little there is simple and to the point; it tells how a dozen or so of disgruntled civilians turn themselves into a platoon of determined and accomplished soldiers. Eric Ambler has had Peter Ustinov to help him make this simple story into a screen play, and I half suspect the source of the witty things with which this film is crammed.

It is divided into three parts. The first shows the men in their period of training, and gradually losing their distrust and dislike of that formidable taskmaster, the sergeant. The second part shows how the ship on which they are going to North Africa is torpedoed, and how they find themselves back in Gibraltar. The third part happens a year later, and shows the men at grips with the enemy. We all know that battles cannot be won without loss of life. By a superb stroke of tact this film ends as our friends fix bayonets and go to meet the

enemy. For they have become our friends, and rightly we take leave of them in the full flush of ardour.

I AM inclined to think that my old friend Synopsis acted a little foolishly in printing the names of David Niven and Raymond Huntley in capitals while giving the other actors small letters. Both players give admirable performances, but not a whit more admirable than their colleagues. I feel it my duty to write down the names of Billy Hartnell, Stanley Holloway, James Donald, John Laurie, Leslie Dwyer, Hugh Burden and Jimmy Hanley, among whose performances there is not a pin to choose. I should give perhaps half a pin's preference to Jimmy Hanley, who is the perfect Cockney sparrow. But all are remarkable. The film, which greatly affected the audience, is worth a wilderness of glue-pourers and pipits, tawny or otherwise. Here, at long last, is a British film to be proud of.

I GREATLY enjoyed a short documentary at M-G-M's private theatre dealing with a specimen flight of an American bomber and called *Memphis Belle*. The Belle is making her twenty-seventh bombing expedition to Germany, this time to Wilhelmshaven, where she created huge havoc in the shipyards. We follow her all through her perilous voyage, and here for once Technicolor helps us to visualize the extraordinary and often beautiful contrasts between the English countryside from which she sets out and the amazing tints of fire in the

sky. The whole thing is as real, vivid and exciting as anything I have seen for a long time. To pack so much drama, suspense, and variety into half an hour proves the ability and economy of the producers. Though there is a commentator this is virtually a silent film. That is, if you can associate silence with a deafening roar.

I MAY be old-fashioned but I cannot bear to see my favourite screen actresses in unaccustomed parts. I should hate to witness a come-back of Mae West as Florence Nightingale. I should gnash my teeth were I compelled to watch Loretta Young in a film-version of *Macbeth*. Yet it has just been my fate to see my beloved Ginger Rogers, that laughing bright-eyed sprite, taking the part of a morose, introspective, bespectacled, weeping, hysterical psycho-analyst's stooge—sorry, patient, and in Technicolor! In a word I am inconsolable, and it is no good telling me that Gertrude Lawrence created a furore in Ginger's part when *Lady in the Dark* was produced in America. I have the greatest admiration for Moss Hart, the play's author, and only wish the film adapters had kept in more of his wit and less of the music of Kurt Weill, which reaches a depth of dreary vulgarity seldom equalled even in American vaudeville. The play may have been very good; I didn't see it. What I complain of is that Ginger, our American Nell Gwyn even to the colour of her hair, should have been persuaded or allowed to play a part so completely unsuited to her talent and personality.

I SAY the play may have been good; if so, then the film version lets it down. For it is a very commonplace little story of a woman who can't make up her mind whom to be in love with. Shall it be the devoted Warner Baxter, divorcing his wife so as to marry Ginger, and at her refusal falling between two stools? Or the glamorous film star Randy Curtis, who, however, does not live up to his name, as he spends his entire life shoeing pestilential fans away from hearth and home? Or shall she, surprisedly, discover that Charley Johnson, the draughtsman in the office of the fashion magazine of which she is editress, has won her heart after all, in spite of the fact that she had always loathed him, and he her? Are these seeming contradictions all smoothed over by psycho-analysis? Fudge. But so it is. It is the analyst who throws light on all the dark places. He explains Ginger's dreams—dreams, I thought, of an immense length, each containing a miniature opera, ballet, intermezzos and what not—also her hallucinations, in which he proved to her that she was merely the victim of a father-complex, a smart-costume-fixation, a lip-stick inhibition and an excessive libido. I am not a psycho-analyst, but I think I could have cured the lady's illness by recommending her an older treatment in fewer and shorter words.

THE film at the Plaza sets out to be clever, but is in truth exceedingly silly. All this blather about the unconscious, the sub-conscious, and the semi-conscious is thrown away on a film audience which likes directness, complete absence of subtlety and no nonsense about psychology. It prefers the body to the soul. Just as I prefer that commonsensical, unattractive, alive little person, the real Ginger Rogers, to the silly goose of this picture throwing away twenty dollars on a visit to a quack when her common sense ought to have told her that what she wanted was—— But I must not give all this picture's secrets away. I must leave my cherished readers to guess something, at least. But I suggest that if this film had been produced in pre-Nazi Germany it would have been called *Kraft durch Freud!*



Nazi War Criminals are Tried by the Victorious Allied Nations in "None Shall Escape"

"None Shall Escape" is at the Leicester Square Theatre. The film deals with the setting up of international post-war tribunals. In particular it deals with the trial of Nazi General Wilhelm Grimm in the German-Polish border village of Litzbark. In flash-backs, Grimm's whole career of crime and atrocity is relived. One instance is shown above. It is the death of Janina (Dorothy Morris) in the arms of her mother (Marsha Hunt). On the left is Wilhelm Grimm (Alexander Knox)

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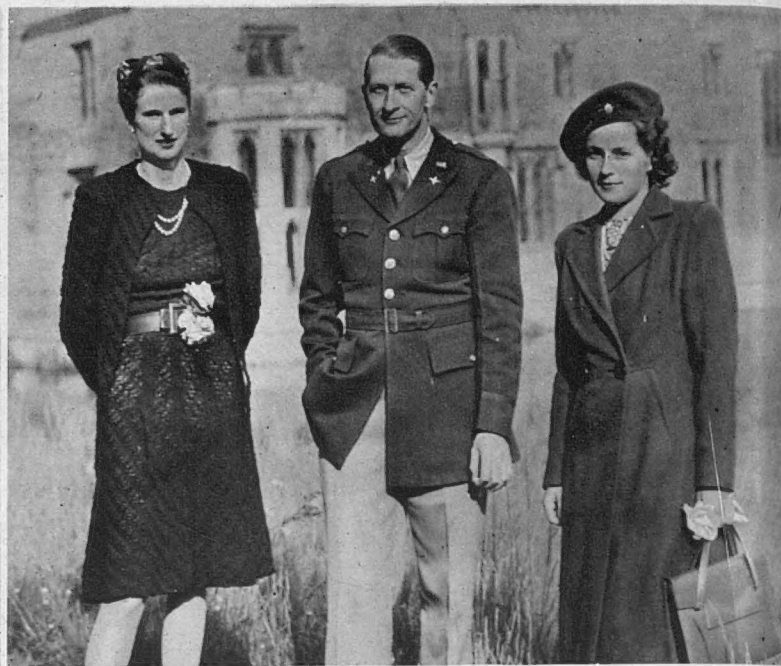
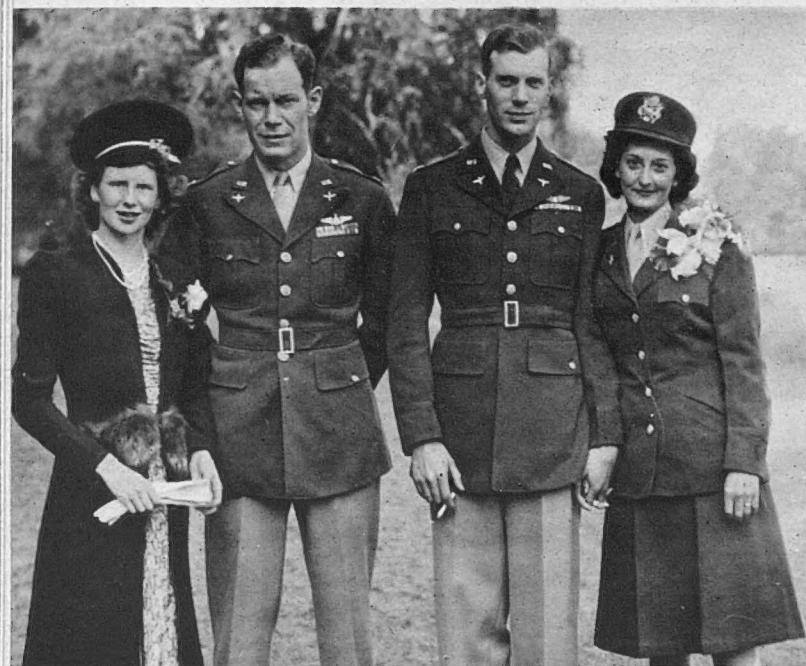
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John Vickers

Jack Buchanan in a Gerald du Maurier Part

Jack Buchanan is to play the role of Lord Arthur Dilling when Frederick Lonsdale's comedy, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, with Coral Browne in the name-part, is revived by Firth Shephard at the Savoy Theatre to-morrow night. It is a part which might have been written for him, and he should be at his most fascinating best as the amateur Sherlock Holmes who catches the mysterious, lovely crook Mrs. Cheyney red-handed and thereupon decides to make an honest woman of her by marriage. In 1925 the play, with Gladys Cooper and Gerald du Maurier in the leading roles, drew packed houses to the St. James's Theatre for months on end. In the cast were May Whitty, Ellis Jeffreys, Ronald Squire and the youthful Frank Lawton. In to-morrow night's production Athene Seyler, Margaret Scudamore, James Dale, Austin Trevor, Anne Firth and Madge Compton will back the stars



Swabe

Major Earl Abbot Marries 2nd Lt. Florence de Luca in Britain

The marriage of Major Earl Abbot, U.S.A.A.F., and 2nd Lt. Florence de Luca took place in the chapel of Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk, home of Lady Bedingfeld, who is seen above with Col. Mason (who gave the bride away), and the newly-married couple

Lady Cranley, Major S. L. Marks and Mrs. Peter Roberts were guests at the Abbot-de Luca wedding. Major Abbot first met his bride, a member of the American Red Cross, when she nursed him while he was seriously ill in hospital

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Princess in the City

PRINCESS ELIZABETH brought her first month of public engagements to a brilliant close when, in the very last days of May, she made an historic journey to the City of London, to attend the Diamond Jubilee meeting of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Presidency of which she assumed earlier in the year. War conditions forbade any of the pageantry and ceremonial with which the City Fathers love to grace such occasions, and the Princess arrived at the Mansion House by

car, with only traffic police and casual crowds lining her route, but the Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Newson-Smith, greeted her with appropriate formality at the entrance to the First House in the City, and led her to her seat on his right at the centre table. Once again the Princess in a short speech impressed everyone with the ease of her delivery and the sureness of her manner. She wore another of her wide-brimmed hats, this time in pale blue, and Viscountess Hambleden, Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty, came with her.

Fourth of June

THE "Fourth of June" was celebrated at Eton on the 3rd this year—a Saturday. Parents and relations arrived in their hundreds, many struggling with crowded trains, nearly all of them armed with picnic baskets, or string bags filled with food. There was a very curtailed wartime programme once again, with the customary cricket match between a Ramblers side and the School XI on Agar's Plough. The procession of boats was put forward from the evening to 2.45 p.m., and the day ended with a concert in the School Hall. The weather looked very uncertain and there was actually a sharp shower just before the morning "Absence"; happily it then cleared up into a glorious day. Two of the first people I met were Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden, who had come down to spend the day with their elder son, the Hon. William Smith, who is in Mr. Peterson's house. Lady Hambleden, who is the Earl and Countess of Pembroke's only daughter, brought her two small girls, Laura and Katherine, to enjoy the day with their brother. Lady Lorna Howard, who was



People at the London Premiere of "Lady in the Dark" at the Plaza

Lady Kindersley was at the performance in aid of the Queen Victoria Hospital Welfare Fund, with Mrs. Norman Laski, chairman of the film committee, and Lord Kindersley, president

Lady Louis Mountbatten received her programme from Nurse Anne Paget on arriving at the Plaza. "Lady in the Dark" is a Paramount picture, starring Ginger Rogers

Mrs. Charles Sweeny was talking in the foyer before the first performance of the film with Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff



Ian Smith, Edinburgh

A Wedding at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

Capt. Sir William Jardine of Applegirth, son of the late Sir Alexander Jardine and of Lady Jardine, married Miss Ann Graham Maitland, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Claud A. S. Maitland and of Mrs. Maitland, of Cumstoun, Twynholme, Kirkcudbright. Major D. D. Robertson was best man, and James and Angus Wolfe Murray were wedding attendants



Married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Major R. D. Girouard, Welsh Guards, son of the late Major-Gen. Sir Percy Girouard, and Miss Beatrice Grosvenor, daughter of the late S/Ldr. Lord Edward Grosvenor and Lady Dorothy Charteris, were married in London

spending the week-end with her youngest son, Alexander, had brought her pretty daughter, Kiloran; Mrs. Sheffield was escorted by her son by her first marriage to the late Glen Kidston; Lord and Lady Cromwell were about early and watching the morning "Absence" with their son David. Lord Cromwell, who was repatriated last autumn, spent the last Fourth of June in a prison camp in Germany.

People There

LORD and Lady Airlie came down to spend the day with their second son, Angus, who coxed one of the boats. David Ogilvy, their elder son, left Eton at the end of last half and went straight to the Scots Guards. Lady Brecknock, looking very smart in her A.T.S. uniform, was watching the cricket with her only son, the Earl of Brecknock; Lady Anthony Meyer, in a brown-corded silk coat, was strolling round with her mother, Mrs. Knight; Lady Belper, all in scarlet, was with her son Desmond; the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell was accompanied by her son Guy, who is now taller than his mother; the Hon. Roland Cubitt, Lord Ashcombe's son and heir, came with his wife and walked with their son John up to the cricket-field, stopping every few yards to greet their numerous friends; Sir Richard and Lady Pease were down from Yorkshire to see their very tall youngest son, Derrick, who is known as Sandy; Lady Isobel Guinness arrived early to call for her stepson; and Lady Dashwood and her son John were greeting friends.

Sir Felix and Lady Brunner, accompanied by their eldest son John, carried a picnic lunch up to the cricket-field—a very popular idea with many families, and a very sensible solution to the "lunching-out" situation. Mrs. Geoffrey Cory-Wright, who has had five sons at Eton and must have been to more

"Fourth" as a parent than most mothers, was with her youngest son Mark, on their way to watch his brother Jonathan (one of the twins) playing for the Ramblers. The Cory-Wright twins left school last year, and are now at an O.C.T.U. before joining the Scots Guards. The eldest son, Julian, is a prisoner of war in Japan.

The cricket was really bright and thrilling: "Gubby" Allen, a former England captain, made a century for the Eton Ramblers, and Capt. Ronnie Aird, who came over from Sandhurst with his wife, made a smart 56. The Hon. Luke White, Lord Annaly's only son, made 70 not out for the school. (Pictures on pp. 330 and 331.)

Windsor Again

ONCE again the Windsor racecourse executive provided an excellent afternoon's relaxation for hundreds of war workers and a small proportion of Service men and women. Though the fields were smaller than is usual in war-time, owing to the hard going, the racing was interesting all through. We saw two good two-year-old fillies win their races in very convincing style during the afternoon, the first being Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's grey filly Fille du Regiment, by Nearco, and the other filly Dorothy Paget's Sister Enid filly, who also won her race with ease. Many people won the Tote Double—a useful five pounds—among them pretty, red-haired Miss Boo Brand, daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand.

Racegoers

THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE was walking round with Baroness Beaumont; Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh and Sir Eric Mievill were two of the few occupants of the Royal Box; Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg came over together from their nearby home, as did Sir Francis and Lady Towle; Mrs. Fulke Walwyn was deputising for her husband, who could not be present owing to his military duties; Brig. Lord Lovat and his wife were chatting with friends in the shade of the trees; the Earl of Portarlington sat on the steps of the stand between the races, saying he found them cool and restful; the Hon. Mrs. Gardener was looking very summery in pale blue.

Others there were Lord and Lady Manton, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Stanley, Lord Delamere, Brig. Roscoe Harvey, Capt. Dudley Norton, Brig. and Mrs. Speed, Miss Angela Leaf, Miss Monica Sherrieff, and Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke.

(Concluded on page 344)



Harlip

Mrs. S. Grinling

The wife of Capt. James B. Grinling, Grenadier Guards

Apology

IN our issue of April 26th, 1944, we incorrectly described a photograph of a lady as being that of the wife of Capt. Grinling, Grenadier Guards. We regret that an error was made, the lady in question not being the wife of Capt. Grinling.

We accordingly take the first opportunity of apologising to Mrs. S. Grinling, the wife of Capt. James B. Grinling, Grenadier Guards, for the inconvenience and annoyance caused by the description of the said photograph.

A photograph of Mrs. S. Grinling is published on this page.



Mr. J. H. Thorpe, K.C., and his wife and son, Jeremy, were with Viscount Caldecote, Lord Chief Justice

Another Wartime Fourth at Eton

Speeches, Cricket, and the Procession of Boats

Viscount Melgund is seen with his mother, the Countess of Minto, and the Countess of Elgin



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie watched the cricket with her son, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu



Watching the Procession of Boats at Fellow's Eyot



Col. A. F. R. Wiggins, Mr. R. C. Nainley-Luxmore and Major and Mrs. C. C. Nainley-Luxmore strolled under the trees



Lady de Clifford and her sons, William and John Russell, and her nephew and niece, Lord Kinnoul and Lady Junq Hay, sat with G/Capt. R. A. Spencer and Miss Shoyd



Denis Mountain and his mother, Mrs. Brian Mountain, and Mrs. Simonds and her son, Thomas, were followed by Col. Mountain and Cdr. Simonds

In spite of travel difficulties, the Fourth of June celebrations—held this year on the third—drew the usual crowd of parents and friends, though a smaller crowd than usual, and old boys were conspicuous by their absence. The procession of boats was held in the afternoon instead of after dinner, while cricket, on Upper Club and Agar's Plough was, as usual, well attended



Lord Edward FitzRoy was with his father, the Duke of Grafton, and his stepmother-to-be, Mrs. J. T. Currie



After the Procession: Singing the Eton Boating Song



Lady Davson was visiting her son, Christopher. Her eldest son is in the Welsh Guards



Here are Mr. R. H. Twining (who played for the Eton Ramblers) and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. D. K. Restler



Lady Brecknock went to Eton to see her son, Lord Brecknock



Mr. M. R. Hely-Hutchinson with three members of the Eton eleven

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT Fenwick guy, whose art is one of our principal suspicions—we see the Great Fenwick Sap with the lewdly drooping eyelids every time we face a shaving-mirror, unless it's Maya or illusion—seems to have been asked to resign from the Trubshaw Club. Or what?

It's not for us to probe into any embarrassing private matters, but we can't help noticing that no character named Trubshaw has appeared in a Fenwick drawing in the *Tatler-Bystander* for some time. There was a time when Trubshaviana formed, as it were, the leading Fenwick *leitmotiv*. Our conclusion is that Colonel David Niven, President of the Trubshaw Club, may have had to speak quietly to Major Fenwick about (maybe) his height. He is too tall for the Club, we always thought. (Something similar happened to us recently, when they ran us out of the Athenæum because—they said—we were too dark. Too dark! What utter rot! Damn you, Committee! There was a hell of a scrimmage and tohu-bohu in the Long Bar, we may tell you. Three archdeacons and a Professor of Odontology bit the carpet.)

Footnote

WELL, we guess the Trubshaw affair was pre-eminently a gentlemanly scene, Colonel Niven staring stiffly to his front and Major Fenwick biting his lip, pale but calm.

"Sorry, old chap."
"All right, old chap."
(Pause.)

"As you leave the Club for ever, old chap, you might disperse all those women waiting for you with rose-leaves."

"For you, old chap."
"Come, come, Fenwick. No un-English subterfuge or prevarication."

And a tall, bowed figure passes into the night, chewing its moustache. It makes no difference to us, by Gad. We'll always be the first to shake Fenwick by the hand, or (if the foot is handier) the foot. Hard cheese, Sir!

Rash

A PERFECT wave of arch, distressing whimsy is sweeping the engineering industry. Whaffle-valves and alternating supercharged grommits are being advertised in the papers with coy little screams and fluttering lashes, as though they were Peek-aboo Perfection Panties. Bunk, this must end, as the dean said to the defaulting sidesman.

We guess the publicity boys have gone haywire, and we'd love to hear them in conference, putting it across the directors. Not a muscle quivers in those big hard scowling faces, we guess, as the ad. boys



slap each other and giggle and cry "Breath-taking!" and "Wizard!" and "Dweffle cute!" The Chairman's steely eyes may flicker ominously a moment as the ad. boys break spontaneously into a game of Tag, chasing each other round the table and gambolling like little fauns in Spring, but nobody moves. Finally the Mng. Dr. grunts sourly and says "Uh, huh," and the Board proceeds with the next business on the agenda.

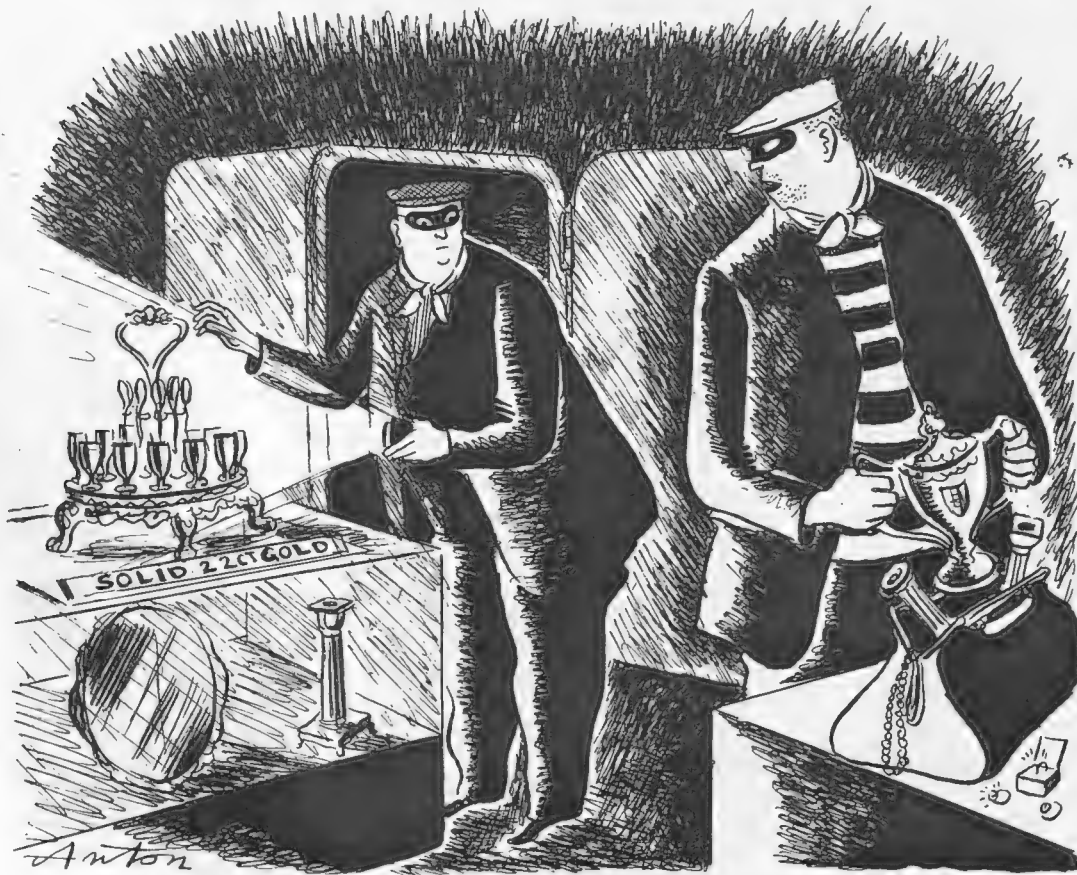
We know this is probably right because we've seen precisely the same kind of hard-faced ironjawed men hunched in conference over a light musical play for West End production. Authors and lyric-boys babble on about butterflies and moonlight and June light and darling-I-adore-you and my-dear-absolute-winner. They might as well be trying to fascinate a lodge of wooden Red Indians. Heap big palaver. Ugh, ugh. Wa, wa. Yuh, and what'll Izzy say about that production over-head? Yuh.

Rap

ONE of the B.B.C. boys was loftily patronising about *Don Quixote* when they gave the recent radio version, we observed. According to him, everybody is too enlightened nowadays to care much about the childish adventures of a half-cracked elderly foreigner. Somebody should give that boy a slap and deport him to La Mancha for a time.

You have maybe to see those vast arid, salty plains at dawn, the clustered windmills of Tembleque (Chap. XIII), the huge dark oak-forests of Socuellamos and Villarobledo, Alcázar de San Juan and the birthplace of Cervantes (five or six other Spanish cities claim it as well) and, close by, the little drab village of Toboso, where Dulcinea came from, to perceive the real meaning of this master-work, just as you have to go to Touraine to realise Rabelais and Balzac, and to Wessex to realise Thos. ("Misery") Hardy. And you also have to take in lovely Salamanca, which is still full of those merry bachelors and licentiates of the University, apart from the *Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses*, the historic Irish College. And before doing all this, if you are a B.B.C. boy, you have to purge yourself of some 879,678

(Concluded on page 334)



"Use yer common sense, mate—who wants egg cups these days?"



"This Happy Breed," for Actors' Charity
Mrs. Ernest Bevin, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden and Mrs. Churchill were at the gala performance of the film version of Noel Coward's play, held in aid of the Actors' Orphanage



Mrs. Coward, mother of the playwright, was at the Gaumont to see "This Happy Breed" and is seen with Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh

Right: M. Fedov Gusev, the Soviet Ambassador, brought Mme. Gusev to the film premiere at the Gaumont Cinema



Two London Film Premieres



Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord, was vice-chairman of the Film Committee, and Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon the deputy chairman



General Sir Ronald Adam, Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of Imperial General Staff, Mrs. Lewin and Lady Brooke were in the audience



Also at the Leicester Square Theatre premiere of "None Shall Escape" were Princess Irena Obolensky and Mrs. Ralph W. St. Hill

"None Shall Escape," in Aid of Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families

Rear-Admiral C. B. Barry came to the first performance of the film with his wife

The First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, and Lady Cunningham were there

Admiral Sir Dunbar Nasmith was with Vice-Admiral A. U. Willis, Second Sea Lord



Standing By ...

(Continued)

suburban snobberies, prejudices, *partis pris*, and ignorances, which is not very easy, God knows. Ourselves, we started very young.

Footnote

AND then, perhaps, even a B.B.C. boy may see the point of that sad, tremendous epic. For the Don finally "comes to himself," as they say. The world beats him at last, as it beats all noble minds. Don't let Fishy Goldenkrantz and the Capel Court gang know we're saying this.

Jape

WRONG as usual, Auntie Times alluded sniffily the other day to "an unmannerly game," popular in "days given to absurd and unprofitable pastimes"—namely the game of identifying public monuments loudly and wrongly on top of a bus, in order that the usual Nosey Parker behind you may tap your shoulder and correct.

Properly played, this is an exquisitely polite game, as Auntie would know if she ever stooped to ride on a bus-top, and leads to long, courteous argument. E.g.:

"I beg your pardon, Sir. That is not the Albert Memorial, that is the Nelson Monument."

"Sir, I have reasons for rejecting your surprising assertion."

"Why, Sir, there is the Nelson statue on top of it!"

(Here you begin to cry.)

"Why do you weep, Sir?"

"It is nothing, Sir. Merely an old unhappy scandal I had thought long buried."

You then dry your eyes and plunge into a long breathless story involving Disraeli, Palmerston, your Great-Aunt Jezebel, the Suez Canal, Albert the Good, the Great Western Railway, a girl named Ruby Fanshawe, Thos. Cook (and Son), Garibaldi, the Alhambra Ballet, and any more characters which occur. By this time the entire bus-top is listening, and the nosey one is covered with prickly confusion. A ruthless chap we knew used to follow him, when he at last escaped, and fling himself on his knees on the pavement, imploring him never to mention Nelson again for the family's sake. An enormous crowd would then gather and surge from Trafalgar Square to St. James's, and this chap would slip away, leaving it to the mounted police.

The object of this game is to check public nosiness and interference. No wonder Auntie throws it down.

Rehearsal

BY giving Handel's *Messiah* the other day with Handel's own orchestrations, no mean feat, the Goldsmiths' Choral Union showed once more that they are getting fit and ready for the day when gold presentation caskets will be ordered again in huge quantities,

apart from the 578 for Mr. Churchill.

Goldsmiths exercise their lungs in their spare time, a chap tells us, because they need a lot of breath, tone, and volume for imprecations, having no illusions. Somebody fussy will barge in and order a gold "freedom" casket for the Lord Mayor of Hunstanton, for example. The goldsmith gives him a bitter look. "Just a chaste and simple design," says the fussy one. "Maybe an allegorical group of naked women on the lid. Prudence, Courage, Liberalism, and Chastity handing Civic Loyalty and Forty Per Cent. to Knight, Frank and Rutley—you know the sort of thing." The conversation may then proceed:

"And I suppose he'll stick it on his sideboard?"

"Naturally."

"Like hell he will. What did Lloyd George do with his lot after the last war?"

"I don't know."

"What did Gladstone do? What did Kitchenier and Queen Victoria do?"

(Embarrassed pause. The goldsmith spits on the floor.)

"Up in the old boxroom. Nine months' hard work. Or else some of 'em swop it next day for a silver fruit-dish. Ever heard the Goldsmiths' Farewell?"

It's a chanted curse in the Mixo-Lyidian mode, beginning *pianissimo* and swelling to a terrific roar, like a celebrated Handel chorus. Hence the Choral Union.

Double

THAT doctor, repatriated from a German camp, who is convinced that Hitler died some time ago of cancer of the throat



"... and what would madam have liked to-day?"

and that his place is now taken by various "doubles," didn't say whether he thought it mattered. It doesn't, for all practical purposes. The same situation frequently crops up in the City. Some powerful financial mogul with millions of serfs suddenly dies,

or goes mad, or beats it to South America for health reasons. In his place commanding the board-table they stick a mechanical model of him which can nod and growl, and this terrorises the serfs with equal facility. The only embarrassment comes when some rival City mogul, or some vindictive blonde, tries to assassinate this clock-work simulacrum. The secretary of the company generally gets it in the neck in this case, which after all is what secretaries are for. If a blonde holds the gun, the onlookers get it instead. That cynical old tease Anatole France knew this when he once urged his secretary to take his place and face the bullets of his (France's) angry ex-girl friend. It's always the spectator who collects the packet in such cases, the big boy pointed out reassuringly.

You may wonder at our intimate knowledge of City life. It is the result of exact observation, fearless courage and knowing the right moment to duck.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Maybe it's something you've eaten, Joe"

Soldiers and Sportsmen

Portraits by Molly Bishop

This week we publish three portraits of distinguished soldiers, equally well known in the field of sport, by Molly Bishop. The artist, whose work has long been familiar to readers of *The Tatler and Bystander*, is the wife of Major Lord George Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's younger brother



Major-General G. P. Roberts, D.S.O., M.C.



Brigadier C. B. Harvey, D.S.O., in better days was well known on the racecourse as a first-class G.R., and on the polo ground as No. 2 of the 10th Hussars' team, which won several inter-regimental tournaments both in England and India during the ten years before the war. Serving with the Eighth Army both before and after Alamein, it was he who commanded the armoured brigade with the New Zealanders when they brought off their left hook at El Hamma and turned the Mareth Line, incidentally earning the second of his two D.S.O.s. Brigadier Harvey is known as "Roscoe" to his friends



Brigadier B. J. Fowler, D.S.O., M.C., nicknamed "Friz," another familiar figure on pre-war polo grounds, was for many years one of the mainstays of the Gunners' team, which not only won the inter-regimental tournament three times, but was almost always in or near the finals. Brigadier Fowler fought in the North African campaign, and wears the D.S.O. and M.C. besides last-war medals, and is now C.R.A. of an armoured division

Scottish Dancer : Moira Shearer in Some of Her Sadler's Wells Ballet Roles



Moira Shearer Was Born in Dunfermline in 1926

● Scotland has sent, in Moira Shearer, a very talented and beautiful young dancer to the Sadler's Wells Ballet. With her bright red hair, lovely features and complexion and figure, she is noticeable even in the corps de ballet, but added to her looks, she has exceptional grace, sense of style, and musicality, the carriage and line of a classical dancer, considerable dramatic ability, and a rapidly strengthening technique. She began her training, aged ten, with Mme. Legat; joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet, having already had some stage experience, in April, 1942; danced her first *Sylphides* solo at the open-air theatre in Victoria Park, E.2, in August; and by the London autumn season was appearing in *The Gods Go a-Begging* and as a leading Swan in *Le Lac des Cygnes* as well. She created her first solo in April 1943, as Pride in Frederick Ashton's *The Quest*, and has a leading part in Ninette de Valois' latest ballet, *Promenade*. A few weeks ago she made her debut in a big classical role—as the proud and treacherous Odile in *Lac*, Act III.—and gives an exciting performance, both as a dancer and as an actress. She will be seen in this and also in *Le Spectre de la Rose* during the present New Theatre season. In Andrée Howard's new ballet, *The Spider's Banquet*, to be presented on June 20th, she will dance the Butterfly



In "The Gods Go a-Begging"



In "Promenade"



"Go Go a-Begging," One of Her First Solos

Photographs by Anthony



In "Les Sylphides," Which She First Danced in the East End



"Promenade," Ninette de Valois' Latest Ballet



In "The Quest," Frederick Ashton's Latest Ballet



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Basil Stanlake Brooke, Bt., C.B.E., M.C., D.L., M.P.

Prime Minister of Northern Ireland since May 1943, also Minister of Commerce and Production, Sir Basil Brooke has played an important part in harnessing Northern Ireland's industries to the war effort, and has a reputation for constant hard work. On the establishment of the Northern Ireland Parliament in 1921 he became a member of the Senate, resigning in 1922 to take up full-time duties as Commandant of the Special Constabulary in Co. Fermanagh. In 1929 he was elected Unionist Member for Lisnaskea, and succeeded Sir Edward Archdale as Minister of Agriculture in 1933, holding this post for eight years, during which time he put an additional 250,000 acres of Northern Ireland grassland under the plough. He became Minister of Commerce in 1941, and Minister of Commerce and Production a year later. Sir Basil, who is a nephew of Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, served in the last war in the Royal Fusiliers, transferring later to the 10th Hussars; he took part in the Gallipoli operations, was mentioned in despatches and twice decorated. His eldest son, serving in the Grenadier Guards, was killed in Tunisia last year; his two younger sons are both on active service.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Gentlemen of the Jury

THE time has now arrived when it devolves upon me to sum up the evidence in this curious case, in which the charge against the various accused, whom you see before you in the dock, and two of them in particular, is the serious one of obtaining money by false pretences! You have heard the evidence, had every opportunity of observing the demeanour of the witnesses, and have listened to the speeches of learned counsel for the prosecution, and to the equally learned, and perhaps even more vociferous counsel for the defence! My duty is very simple, for all that I am concerned to do is to expound the law to you: of the facts you, and you only, are the supreme arbiters. The Law of the land is that no prisoner has to prove his innocence, and that the burden is on the prosecution to establish his guilt to your satisfaction beyond all reasonable doubt. In simple language, it is just a game of catch-as-catch-can. If, in accordance with the oath you have taken, you arrive at the conclusion that the prisoners and their female associates, and another gentleman, who calls himself Happy Landing, but who, so far as his career has gone, has merely achieved a succession of bad bumpers, are the barefaced impostors which the prosecution asserts that they are, it will be your bounden duty to bring in a verdict of guilty: if, on the other hand, the rather conflicting evidence leaves so much as a scintilla of doubt in your minds, I must tell you that you are bound to give the prisoners at the bar the benefit of that doubt and acquit them.

The Evidence

IT is perhaps unnecessary for me to remind you, Gentlemen of the Jury, that what the butler told the cook is not evidence, and that you should exercise the greatest caution in accepting even anything you may have heard from "Old Joe," or any other persons, whose business in life it is to produce things called "Finals," a species of Philosopher's Stone, as I gather, which will turn everything into gold, provided always you send them five shillings! Fling all these things away from you and stick closely to the hard facts; that is to say, if you can find any, and if you can, you are far cleverer than I think, and also than I am. I will not trespass upon your time by wading neck-deep into all the testimony you have heard, and will, therefore, confine myself to the witnesses, whose evidence seems to me to have some sort of bearing upon the matter at issue. For instance, there is The Solicitor, who says emphatically: "It is all my eye about my not being good enough to beat Orestes at a mile at any weights! My Windsor win was no fluke: I proved that in The Guineas, even if I was not good enough to win. The man's a fraud, and he knows it, and that goes for his boy friend, Happy Landing, as well!" Counsel for the Defence has very rightly pointed out that what may be true of a mile, may be quite untrue of a mile and a half, in the same way that this latter distance may be no signpost at all to 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards. Counsel further suggested that The Solicitor was merely leading people up the Garden Path, and not really trying to give them the winner of the Derby. It may be so! Orestes' prototype was a matricide, and as medical science assures us that that sort of thing is apt to be hereditary, I think you had better mind your eye, so to speak, where this accused is concerned. He may be even worse than the prosecution asserts that he is. On the other hand, he may not be half so black as he has been painted. It is for you to make your decision upon the evidence you have heard. As to the two fallen

women, the unhappily named Fair Fame and her accomplice in crime, Tudor Maid, I should be failing in my duty if I did not remind you that at various moments in the time-table of this romance they have represented themselves as good enough to win the two principal prizes, the Derby and the Oaks! But what have we? Why, this—that either from wickedness, idleness or inability, they have sorely deceived those who have been so foolish as to believe them. One of them has even been beaten by a Picture Play, called colloquially, so I believe, "a flicker." Expert opinion, in that cryptic language peculiar to the turf, has told you that "She knocked 'er ruddy 'ead off!" I presume, gentlemen, that must convey something to you, though I confess that it leaves me completely bemused. As to the other lady, calling herself Tudor Maid, I will ask the usher to hand you a slip which has been passed to me stating what, in the writer's opinion, she really is. I propose to refrain from reading it out in open court.

(Concluded on page 340)



Birmingham Christening

S/Ldr. and Mrs. D. W. A. Barton's daughter was christened at St. George's, Edgbaston. S/Ldr. Barton, son of the late Dr. F. A. Barton, pioneer of aeronautics and first man to drive a car in Britain, has himself set up many records in aviation and motoring



"The Derby Problem": by "The Tout"

Another wartime Derby is down for decision on Saturday. The fact that most of the early classic fancies have at one time or another been defeated since the season began makes the race a good deal more open than usual, and, from the public point of view, a lot more interesting

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Slander

LET me now pass on to some other testimony, which I suggest you should ponder most carefully. It is the evidence of a witness, who said that an extremely good-looking brunette named Garden Path, who most definitely donned the breeches in the Two Thousand, is no better than she should be—whatever that may connote. This witness says that Hope has told far too flattering a tale, and that anyone who disregards a fluttering tail had, or did, ought to have his bumps read. Another witness, equally expert and even more emphatic than the gentleman who preceded him in the box, says something about his "foot," but what that has to do with a race-horse's foot I do not pretend to know, and that "Harry Wragg hadn't even got hold of her!" I find these turf technical expressions most puzzling. We really ought to have an interpreter. I gather, however, that this witness does not repose the same confidence in either the handsome young Growing Confidence, or the one with the misspelt name, Tehran, as does his brother expert. I am inclined to agree with



Cambridge Beats Oxford at Golf

Stearn, Cambridge

Cambridge won the third official wartime inter-Varsity golf match, played on the Gog and Magog course at Cambridge. The names of the players in the picture are—sitting: P. Hutton (St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford), D. G. A. Leggett (Clare, Cambridge), J. Fraser (Magdalen, Oxford), J. R. B. Hoden (Pembroke, Cambridge), S. A. Elliott (Merton, Oxford), W. S. Harris (Clare, Cambridge). Standing: R. McL. Wilson (John's, Cambridge), J. Connell (Christ Church, Oxford), N. G. Darrah (Peterhouse, Cambridge), G. McCallum (St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford), A. P. C. Bacon (Trinity, Cambridge), T. Russel (Oriel, Oxford)



The 7th Denflint Battalion Home Guard

Francis

Front row: Capt. E. Mather (I.O.), Majors P. H. Woodford, W. Morris, J. Ormrod, Capt. R. B. Asterley (Adj., Royal Sussex Regiment), Lt.-Col. Sir Edward Hamner, Bt. (C.O.), Major W. H. Garrett, Capt. C. G. Davey (Q.M., Devonshire Regiment), Majors B. V. Coates, H. Wood, R. B. McColl, M.C. (Battalion M.O.). Second row: Lts. W. H. Glazebrook, W. H. Pearce, M.M., N. B. Dyson, A. L. Wait, Capt. O. E. Thomas, G. F. Benjamin, Lt. J. K. Miller, Capt. W. Boycott, Lts. G. V. Taylor, H. M. Tebbutt, Capt. F. S. Mortimer, M.C. Third row: 2nd Lt. A. Cunningham, Lt. T. Osborne, 2nd Lt. A. S. Owen, Lts. C. S. Mapp, J. C. Hiscock, G. Griffiths, T. P. Downs, 2nd Lts. J. Smith, P. Roberts, Lt. G. Roberts. Fourth row: Lts. A. T. Yale, R. Lawton Roberts, M.C., S. Turner, 2nd Lt. R. A. Brown, Lts. G. McWhirter, G. Nicol, H. Steen, 2nd Lt. S. Smith, Lt. T. Jones. Back row: 2nd Lt. W. R. Ritchie, Lt. W. Jones, 2nd Lts. E. N. Jones, W. H. Masters, T. Davies, Lts. J. J. May, G. E. Wright, H. Barningham, 2nd Lt. H. B. Hughes, Lts. W. Kyffin, F. Aspinall, H. Parry, 2nd Lts. E. Jones, J. R. Jones, G. James

him, and if I were you, gentlemen, in spite of what has been said about the last straw breaking the camel's back, and that 2 lb. less will make all the difference to Growing Confidence, I should do, as I intend to do, and have the price of a volume of *Odger on Libel and Slander* on the lady. I will detain you only a few more moments. There is the witness who said that everybody was wrong excepting himself, and that if Mustang did not win the "Durby" he would eat his hat. It is my sincere hope that this gentleman will never be compelled to attempt this most difficult feat, but I would like to point out that, even though this animal with a very wild name did finish a short head and $1\frac{1}{4}$ lengths in front of Rockefeller and Growing Confidence in his nursery days, his recent performance over $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile in 2 min. $11\frac{1}{2}$ secs. on a fast course is not Mosquito pace, and gives no real assurance. Finally, gentlemen, I think that a Fair Glint may burst through the enveloping murk, and might even lend an additional tint of beauty to the flowers which border the Garden Path. I would suggest for your consideration that, bred as he is with two crosses of Love Wisely and Trenton (Carbine) in his pedigree, he must stay. I would suggest further, that the 1 mile courses at Newmarket are far too sharp for him, yet he was out in front for half the way in the Guineas, and that, contrary

to public reports, he was not sixth or seventh, but barely 3 lengths behind the winner. There's just one word more I should like to whisper in your capacious ears: do not be surprised if a Blue Cap puts the lid on all the other females in the Oaks! Gentlemen of the Jury, you will now retire and consider your verdict.

Tunis and Europe

AN interesting little comparison. The enemy did not know that the Tunisian attack from overseas was coming until it was upon him. He did know that the Invasion of Europe was coming in great force, but he did not know when or where. He may think that it is he who has stopped us in Italy, and that therefore he can stop us elsewhere. There are two sides to every story, so let him go on believing as he does. No one would be so foolish as to underestimate the magnitude of the task before us in Europe, but at the same time there are a few facts worthy of consideration: (1) we are in possession of bases of operation very close up; (2) we have already achieved supremacy in air power; (3) we are not very far off domination; (4) we possess domination in sea power; (5) the land force we possess is at least numerically equal and in quality superior; (6) this power is concentrated; (7) the enemy has at least 2000 miles of coastline to defend; (8) strong as we know that he is, cornered like a rat in a pit, and with his rear threatened, it is impossible for him to be strong everywhere.



University Lawn-Tennis: Oxford v. Cambridge

D. R. Stuart

The Cambridge lawn-tennis team beat Oxford 6—0 in the singles and 7—2 in the doubles. Players were—Sitting: J. Peake (Clare), J. H. Sheldon (Trinity; captain), R. M. Davies (Jesus). Standing: G. H. Czuczka (Trinity), P. Baelz (Christ's), N. G. Darrah (Peterhouse)



Above is Oxford University lawn-tennis team, who were beaten at Fenner's by Cambridge by 2 matches to 13. Sitting: R. Prichard (Trinity), P. Nye (Balliol; captain), P. C. L. Curle (Trinity). Standing: F. B. Morley (St. Edmund's Hall), D. A. Smart (Wadham), A. I. Osakwe (St. Peter's Hall), E. J. Clarke (Oriel)



F/Lt. A. G. Broomfield is equipment officer on a mobile airfield. His spare time is spent in carrying on his civilian occupation of artist. His work—many of the subjects done in Newfoundland—have been exhibited across Canada by the Royal Canadian Academy; at Toronto, Montreal and the National Gallery



F/O. R. N. MacDonald is a Typhoon pilot. He comes from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, and was formerly with the 123rd Army Co-Operation Squadron in Debert, Nova Scotia

Four Canadian Pilots

By Olive Snell



F/Lt. R. F. Reid is a Typhoon pilot from Toronto, Ontario, and a member of the Wildcat Squadron of the R.C.A.F. This squadron formerly flew against the Japanese in Alaska, spending fourteen months there before coming overseas



W/Cdr. Frank W. Hillock was on active service when war was declared, and came to England with his squadron in February 1940, to co-operate with the First Canadian Division. A day fighter in 1940, he transferred to night fighters in 1941, later commanding a Mosquito squadron. After a time at Staff College and leave in Canada, he returned to form and command a R.C.A.F. airfield

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Trio

"INDIGO," by Christine Weston (Collins; 10s. 6d.), has an Indian background, and is the story of a triangular friendship. Jacques St. Remy, French; John Macbeth, English; and Hardyal, Hindu, are contemporaries: in the course of the novel—which opens in 1889, on Jacques's fourteenth birthday, and closes after the First World War—we watch these three from adolescence to mature manhood; and, still more, watch the inevitable exposure of their friendship to wounds, suspicions and rivalries, shocks and strains. By the end the three are, in their ways of life, far apart; each grappling with his own problems alone. Nationality has, for better or worse, asserted itself; love, in different degrees, for the same woman has helped to widen the breach. All the same, something remains: the psychic durability of the friendship becomes, in a way, the test of the three characters. No one of them can be unconscious of the two others' destinies.

But no; it would be misleading to call *Indigo* simply a novel about a friendship, with India there to provide the background. More exactly, Mrs. Weston has taken a personal relationship and used this as a screen (in the cinema sense) on which to project the shadows and lights, the rhythm and pattern of her real subject, which is India. This, you may remember, was E. M. Forster's method when he wrote the now classic *Passage to India*. I have, indeed, heard it said that *Indigo* is the best novel of this kind after *Passage to India*; and I am not at all sure that I disagree. In both cases the point of view of the writing is unique. Neither novel deals directly with politics; both show a deep sense of race and its implications, and in both the sensuous element is strong. But whereas Mr. Forster, having come fresh to India, wrote under the effects of a colossal impression—illumination, disturbance, whatever you like to call it—Mrs. Weston was born and bred in the country of which she writes: except for brief visits to England during her childhood, she lived in India up to the time of her marriage. Like her principal character, Jacques St. Remy, she comes, on her father's side, of French indigo-planter stock, whose tie to India dates back to Duplex. She, therefore, deals in impressions never received consciously, in sensations and memories partly inherited. It is this, perhaps, that gives her writing its quality, its air of being saturated in something. One cannot write from the head only, which is where a number of novelists go wrong. A novel, to my mind, relies for its depth and force on unconscious, or only half-conscious, elements in its author's make-up. It must show observations, but also—still more important—dreams.

Conflict

YES, Jacques St. Remy undoubtedly is the central, in many ways the least active, character

in *Indigo*. It is as friends of his, and, as it were, across him, that the other two, Macbeth and Hardyal, know one another. His physical beauty, his Catholic French inheritance, his pride, his vehemence and his dream-bound state all have a charming, melancholy attraction—for the reader, for his two friends, for scandalous old Mrs. Lyttleton (who had loved his father) and for John Macbeth's cousin, the English girl Bertie Wood. Jacques's mother, Mme. St. Remy, is the true French business-woman and matriarch: her fanatical piety, her dislike of the English, her detestation of Mrs. Lyttleton, her obsessive wish to dominate Jacques, are to be dreaded. Years of India, and of power, have ripened characteristics brought from her home in Normandy, in Mme. St. Remy, to really monstrous size. The smallness of the Amritpore European community—this is a small civil station, once an army cantonment—also tends to make personalities count for more. But impressive in any community would be old Mrs. Lyttleton, with her jewels, her bright-plumaged birds, dusky house, tangled garden, legend of love and passion for conversation. Her friendships are not confined to the Europeans.

Hardyal, as the son of a westernised Hindu lawyer, is sent to school in England for two years, during which time Jacques (who is never sent back to France) goes to a Catholic college for boys of mixed races, in the Hills: it is here that he meets the soldier's son, John Macbeth, through whom he begins to move into the English orbit. John Macbeth, in his turn, and later his cousin Bertie, pays visits to the St. Remy's at Amritpore. Then Hardyal returns from England.



Bertram Park

A New Novel by Nevil Shute

Li.-Cdr. N. S. Norway, B.A., F.R.Ae.S., R.N.V.R., whose pen-name is Nevil Shute, has completed a new novel, "Pastoral," to be published by Heinemann within the next few months. It is his first book since "Pied Piper," published in 1942, and is the romance of a pilot of Bomber Command and a W.A.A.F. officer

Indigo has a considerable, and well-built, plot: as a novel it demands (and deserves) close reading, for apparently slight incidents are to have grave effects. All three boys receive shocks, which not so much alter as accentuate their characters: Jacques loses his hand in a hunting accident (for which his mother blames the Macbeths); John Macbeth's

pretty mother runs away with her lover; Hardyal sustains the worst damage of all through reading Aubrey Wall's letter to Mrs. Lyttleton—a letter which sets up a profound revulsion, and awakes his dormant national sense. Aubrey Wall, the English engineer, hater of India, is himself a major figure—the passion that he inspires in Jacques's sister, Gisele (who to all others seems nulle and pious, though lovely), is only known to the reader, himself and her. Crocodile-fishing with Father Sebastian, Mme. St. Remy's sagacious confessor, Aubrey Wall is at his unusual best.

"A.B.M."

Is it possible to admire deeds and, at the same time, to be irritated by the personality of the doer? *Burma Surgeon*, by Gordon S. Seagrave (Gollancz; 9s.), raises, where I am concerned, the question. This is the autobiography of an heroic man—or, at least, of a man in whom doggedness, enterprise and resilience reach, from time to time, an heroic point. He is an American medical missionary, bred of generations of American missionaries—until you (if British) read *Burma Surgeon* you cannot possibly realise how much the A.B.M. (American Baptist Mission) is to be reckoned with, how far

(Concluded on page 344)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

UNTIL love has been tested it isn't worth much more than a

farthing dip. Especially in war, since war is one of the great love-testers. In peacetime two people can jog along quite comfortably, whether they ardently love each other or not. A customary kind of loving has become a habit, and habits have a way of being far more binding than vows. War, however, is an emotional disruption. It can so easily devastate as well as sublimate. Always is it a test of true love in its deepest and most enduring sense.

Apart from the sudden readjustment in the financial status, the bewildering change-of-life plan, the grim awakening from former dreams, there is the problem of the return of a man severely wounded—in these days also that of a woman—who comes back to his old existence, after a gap of valuable years, handicapped to such an extent that love, so to speak, must begin all over again. It is out of such a test that true love can emerge. So many terribly wounded men have confided to me their doubt as to whether the one they love will come through that test triumphant. My answer is always the same. If their homecoming is to real love, it will be a return to a love made deeper and more enduring, infinitely more lovely, because of the tragic problem which they represent. If they find it isn't—then they are well rid of a bad human bargain. And strangely enough perhaps, they always agree.

What problem peace will present to those thousands who have married in wartime

By Richard King

for seemingly no better reason than that they happened to be brought

into propinquity in work or play and marriage was a thrilling excitement in the monotony of both, I can only guess. The man goes overseas, the girl goes to live with either his or her mother; reunion will be rather like the meeting of two strangers who find they are expected to occupy the same bed. Nevertheless, for the moment that is *that*, and as "that" go—quite exciting. Then the main problems will arise; the real test of their mutual devotion face their inner lives. This happens, of course, in peacetime, but not so suddenly as in, or immediately after, a war. Well, pity and understanding may be akin to love, but they are usually something greater, since they also purify and strengthen it. Without either or both, love is of little value. It may burn brightly for a little time, but it needs sympathy and endurance to change it into a lasting flame. If on one side or the other both are absent, then all I can hope for wartime lovers is that wartime marriages will be due for easy divorce.

War, after all, is more or less a human insanity, so it is understandable that while it lasts it drives most of us subnormal or, at its worse, temporarily insane. The laws of morals and pure reason in both peace and in war can't have it both ways. In love, especially, what was great will by its present trials become greater; while what is facile will break, its pretty bits and pieces worthy only of the dustbin.



Thin—Richmond

Capt. Peter Thin, M.C., The Royal Dragoons, only son of Col. and Mrs. E. G. Thin, of Aston Somerville Hall, Broadway, Worcestershire, married Mrs. Susan Richmond, widow of Capt. Leslie Richmond, 10th Royal Hussars, and daughter of Col. and Mrs. Mark Sykes, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Egerton Leigh—Branch

P/O. Neville Egerton Leigh, R.A.F., younger son of the late Capt. Cecil Egerton Leigh, of Jodrell Hall, Cheshire, and of Mrs. J. D. Garcin, of Cannes, married Miss Denise Branch, daughter of Col. and Mrs. C. D. Branch, of Paris, at St. James's, Spanish Place

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Andrew Paterson

Murray—Mackenzie

The marriage took place in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness, of Major Anthony Ian Rupert Murray, The Seaforth Highlanders, only son of the late Capt. R. A. C. Murray and of Mrs. Hector Greenfield, and Miss Alexandra Elizabeth Mackenzie, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie, of Farr, Inverness-shire



Fowler—Walford

Brig. Bryan John Fowler, R.A., son of the late G. H. Fowler and Mrs. Fowler, of Tullycarnet Croft, Knock, Co. Down, and Mrs. Mary Walford, widow of Lt.-Col. H. C. Walford, 17/21st Lancers, of Ravensthorpe, Northampton, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Graham—Bonsor

F/O. Clyde Euan Miles Graham, R.A.F., son of Major-Gen. Graham, of 7, Basil Street Mansions, S.W., and of Lady Evelyn Patrick, of Warren's Cross, Tavistock, married Miss Daphne Marian Bonsor, daughter of Sir Reginald and Lady Bonsor, of Liscombe, Leighton Buzzard, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Hodgson—Rankin

Capt. Maurice Hilary Thornley Hodgson, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hodgson, of Woodlands, Whitefield, Lancashire, married Miss Catherine Elizabeth Rankin, younger daughter of Sir George Rankin, P.C., of 16, Morpeth Mansions, S.W., and the late Mrs. Rankin, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 329)

"SSAFA" Rides Again

THIS utility word by now conveys to us at a glance the cause it represents (the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association), and it was for SSAFA that such a crowd of people swarmed to the Leicester Square Theatre premiere of *None Shall Escape*, among them many members of the organising committee, including the Chairman, Lady Cunningham, with her distinguished husband, the First Sea Lord; the Deputy Chairman, Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, C.B.E.; and the Vice-Chairmen, Mrs. A. V. Alexander (with Mr. A. V. Alexander) and Lady Gordon-Finlayson.

Others distinguishable in such a distinguished mob were the Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Lady Juliet Duff, Air Chief-Marshall Sir Charles Portal and Lady Portal, Field-Marshal Sir Alan and Lady Brooke, the Marchioness of Willingdon, the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, Winifred Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart, Lady Camrose, Countess Fortescue, Viscountess Cowdray, the Hon. Mrs. A. Strutt, Lady Bromley, the Countess of Dartmouth, the Lady Tollemache, M.B.E., and Sir William Rootes, treasurer and very active helper of SSAFA.

Before the film started, the band of the Life Guards played delightfully, then Air Vice-Marshall N. D. K. MacEwen, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chairman of SSAFA, said a few words (SSAFA, which was founded in 1885, has helped 1,500,000 families since this war began, handles nearly 3000 letters a week, has already established fourteen emergency homes for children in need of them for various reasons, and distributes 1,000,000 garments a year through its Central Clothing Depot and 300 local depots).



Waiting for Dinner

Swaeb

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunfee were having a pre-dinner cocktail with Sir Robert and Lady Throckmorton one night in London. The Throckmortons were married in 1942, and Mr. Dunfee is the theatrical manager and agent, and a director of *O'Bryen*, *Linnit* and *Dunfee*

American Wedding at St. Mark's

THE wedding of Capt. James Alston, U.S. Army, of Atlanta, Georgia, and Miss Lucille Vogt, whose father hails from Kentucky and whose mother is a New Yorker, was a crowded and friendly Anglo-American occasion. There were more than 600 people at the church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Among the guests at the reception held by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Vogt, at Grosvenor House afterwards, I saw many of the most distinguished Americans now in this country. Col. B. B. McMahon, Col. R. Doty, Major N. D. N. Harvey, General H. B. Sayler, and the Air Attaché, Col. M. M. Turner, were amongst those who represented the American Embassy; other much-decorated soldiers were Col. W. Q. Jeffords, Lt.-Col. O. W. Coyle, Major-Gen. J. K. Crain and General C. M. Thiele. Sir Benjamin Robertson proposed the health of the bride and groom; Mr. Arthur Whitehead, bronzed and smiling, with his wife, Mrs. "Nipper" Whitehead, beside him, welcomed friends here, there and everywhere; Mr. Hartley Power, who opens to-night at the Lyric in Ronald Millar's Second Front play *Zero Hour*, looked elegant in morning-coat and gay boutonniere; Lord and Lady Vestey arrived together; Count A. D. de Lasta was there; so were Col. and Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mr. Leslie ("Big Bill") Needham, Miss Maureen Stanley, Mrs. M. Sullivan, of the American Red Cross, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Mrs. L. L. Tweedy, Madame Phang and Mr. and Mrs. Lee, of the Chinese Embassy, Mr. Norman Parkinson and Major Florence Jepson, the Assistant Military Attaché at the Embassy.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

it goes or how much it does. As I read on and on, I became awestruck. At the same time, I found it difficult to read on and on.

Why I experienced this difficulty, I cannot quite say. This book has already appeared in America, and the American reviews quoted on its wrapper are very, very enthusiastic. His country would, it is true, show itself ungrateful if this were not so, for Mr. Seagrave is the most passionately patriotic—one might say nationally-minded—American I have ever met, inside or outside print. I like America and Americans so much myself that I can only think it was Mr. Seagrave's self-conscious Americanism that irritated me. At the same time, I feel that if he were British he would be just as pleased with himself about being British, and if he were French he would be just as pleased with himself about being French. Also, during those Burma years (to whose fatigues, emergencies and anxieties war and the Japanese invasion came as a gigantic last straw) he was, by his own showing, a desperately homesick and often a lonely man, seeing the States he had left behind him *couleur de rose*, and therefore bearing the torch that he so manfully bore less in the name of God (whom he seldom mentions) than in the name of America. Reticence as to Divine matters is, in fact, the sole reticence that he shows: one can hardly fail to think of him as a missionary more in the national than the religious sense. Let us leave it that he is clearly a first-rate surgeon. As a writer, he knows how to tell a story—if not, perhaps, in the most sympathetic way.

Devotion

MR. SEAGRAVE was born in Burma, accompanied his family on their return to the United States, where he was educated, and where he met and married Tiny, an Illinois girl. In August 1922 the pair, after the birth of their first child and not long before the birth of their second, set sail for Burma. From Rangoon, where Mrs. Seagrave had been stricken by fever, they set out for Namkham; which, it had been decided, was to be the scene of their work, and their first married home. Their arrival, at the end of a trying journey, could not have been more discouraging:

On the fourth day we passed through Namkham town. Our hearts were pounding. What sort of set-up were we going to find in this place where we were to spend twenty years? The hospital was a rotten wooden building with twenty wooden beds bare of all furnishings. The floors were stained with blood and pus and medicine, and were so rotten you had to step carefully not to break through. . . . The walls were covered with large red splashes of the saliva of beetle-nut chewers. All the window-ledges—

Enough, you may say—and perhaps, for quotation, it is. Out of this squalor and chaos, let it at once be said, Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave created fairness and order. In this they were helped by a team of young Shan and Kachin nurses, trained by themselves: the devotion and enthusiasm of these girls was later to stand up to raids, disasters and retreats—all the ordeals of war. The enthusiasm, boundless and generous, with which Dr. Seagrave writes about his nurses more than atones for the touch of complacency with which he keeps putting on record their hero-worship for him—"I know," he is in the position to tell his assembled staff, "that any of you girls would go through hell for me. . . ." The growth of the hospital, the welcome arrival of more Americans near by, to open an aircraft factory (thus replacing one destroyed by Japanese bombs in China), are animatedly described. Then war comes to Burma: we have work for the Chinese Army, and, finally, the rigours and the astonishing fortitude of the retreat, with the nurses, over the Indian border.

Here is a glimpse of Mr. Seagrave at work:

When all the operations were done, I was about to take off my gloves; but Ruth asked me if I wasn't going to operate on the patient they had thrown out behind the kitchen.

"Golly," I said, "is he still alive? Gosh darn it, bring him in." It took me another hour to finish him off. I don't believe he is going to die, after all. . . .

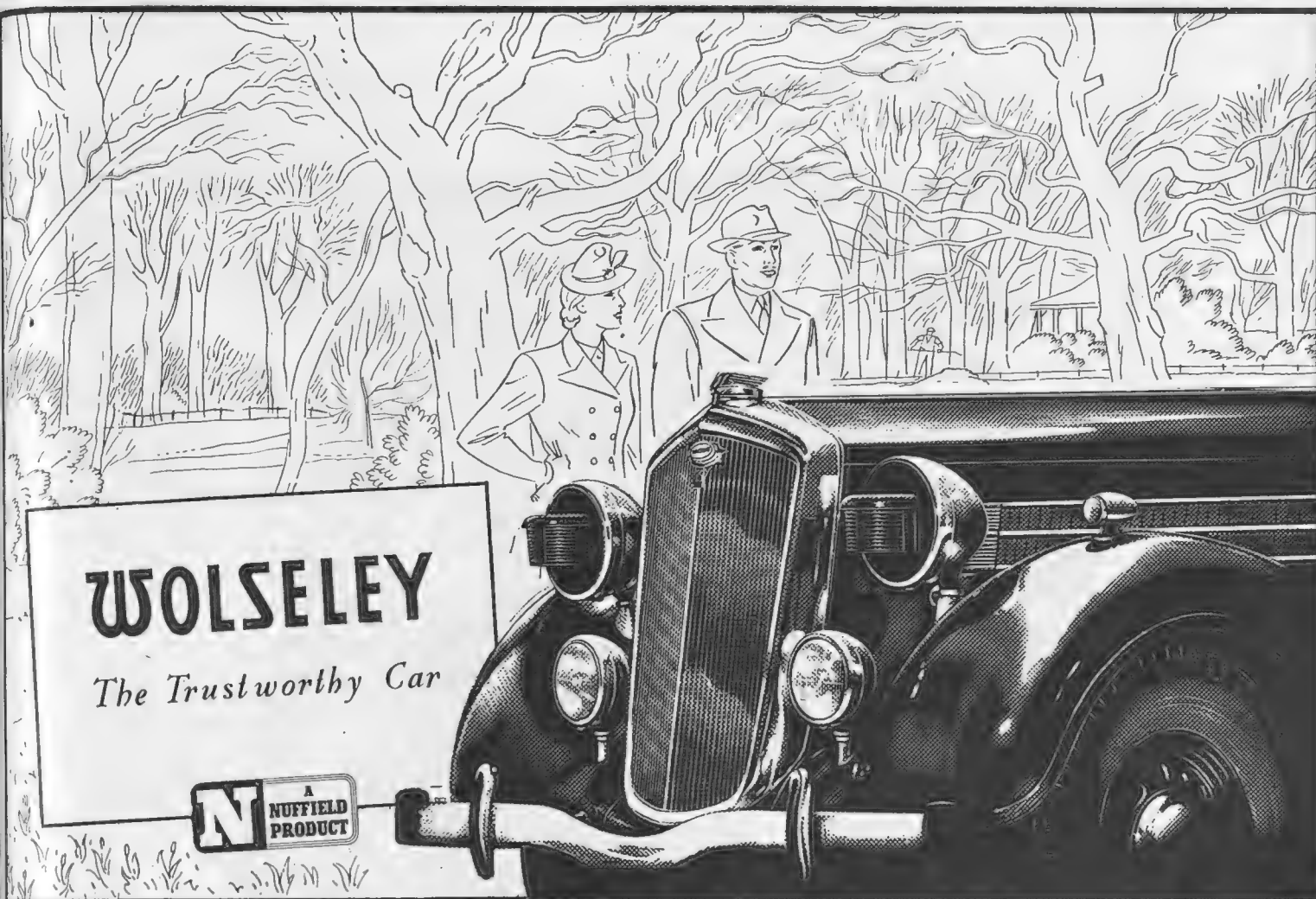
The bugs are awful. The only way I can stand it is to operate naked except for the pair of thin Shan pants that Tun Shein located to me to-day. The nurses obligingly scratch my back at frequent intervals.

G.H.Q., Cairo

A DELICIOUSLY comic extravaganza, with mystery-interest (but not a detective story), is Christopher Sykes's *High-minded Murder* (Home and Van Thal; 5s.). "There is no attempt," say the publishers, on the back of the wrapper, "to depict the inner life of G.H.Q." None the less, among the charms of the book is its no doubt delusive air of high indiscretion. The author, from time to time, might be Ronald Firbank's nephew. The book, which is light without being slight, touches in the Cairo wartime scene with effortless hilarity. Meet Captain Anstey, of "P.T.R.," with his monocle, his yellow Hohenzollern moustache and his ceaseless smile, exposing the largest set of false teeth on record. Meet Mr. Handel and his musical secretary; meet Lord Edward Gaveston and that much-in-the-news dentist, Henry Greenleaf Gage. And learn to whom credit was, in the end, owing for those pleasingly diabolical murders of Nazi chiefs.

A Bad Enemy

DICKENS might almost have created Josh Clunk, that sanctimonious, hymn-humming, sweet-sucking old crook on the side of the angels who reappears in H. C. Bailey's *Slippery Ann* (Gollancz; 8s.). I should hate to have Clunk on my tracks. This ingenious detective story has a thoroughly cosy-sinister atmosphere.



WOLSELEY
The Trustworthy Car

N A NUFFIELD PRODUCT



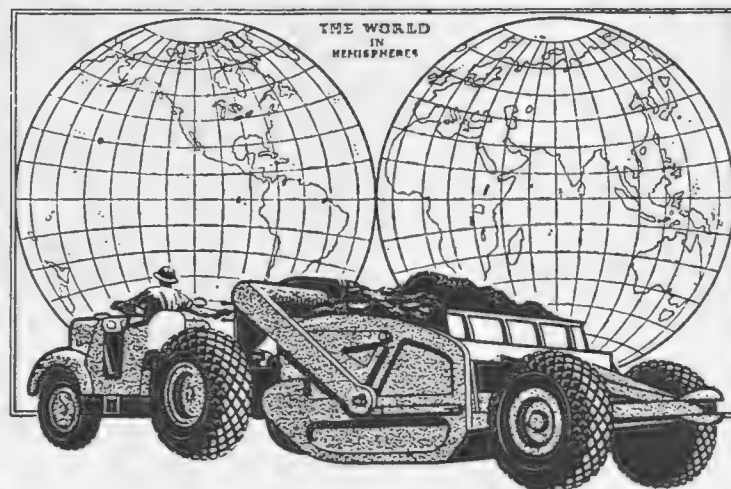
Malf Nelson?

Go up top! But, seriously, advertisements are so small nowadays that there isn't room for more than half my face. You notice, however, that my pipe's in the picture and it's filled with **FOUR SQUARE**—grand tobacco, pure naturally mellowed leaf with no artificial scent or flavouring. Six blends to choose from, four Virginias, two mixtures, and a guarantee in every tin or packet.

FOUR SQUARE



GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD. PAISLEY SCOTLAND



GIANTS OF THE NEW WORLD...

During this war modern constructional vehicles—the Bulldozer, Dumper and Scraper—have performed Herculean service. Highways have been laid through primeval forests, airfields have been smoothed out of dense jungle, wildernesses have been cleared to make way for camps and townships . . . all in spaces of time which, a few years ago, would have seemed quite unbelievable. It is no exaggeration to say that

without the giant pneumatic tyre these specialised machines could never have developed their present degree of efficiency. No 'ordinary' tyre could operate under the conditions which heavy constructional work imposes. Goodyear pioneered and developed these giant tyres; and the achievement of the future which will depend so much on giant tyres will serve as a reminder of Goodyear's ceaseless quest for improvement . . .

Another

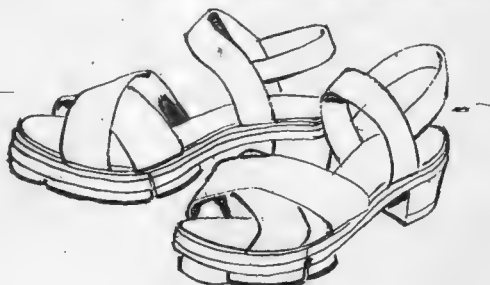
GOOD YEAR

contribution to Progress

AT YOUR SERVICE: INDIVIDUAL DRESSMAKING



● The "little woman round the corner"—like many of the good things—has disappeared, at any rate for the time being. Fortunately, the big dressmaking services de luxe survive. Both these Gabrielle Luchon jumper-suit designs, photographed from life and sketched in detail by Sheradski, can be made to your order—and to your measurements—by Corot, of 33, Old Bond Street, W.1. Sailor-collar design on the left takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 36-in. material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-in. contrast, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard net for detachable front. Cross-over design (right) takes $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-in. fine woollen material, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-in. white piqué collar, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-in. net for back of dickey. Quotes are for 34-in. bust, 38-in. hips. Cost for making is £6 6s. Time for delivery six weeks. ● The wooden-soled sandals worn above and sketched below are the latest design of C. and J. Clark, Street, Somerset. In several colours, they cost 35s., are to be found in most West End stores now, need four coupons





Speciality is the Word!

A new "Selita" model from our Speciality Gown Salon, first floor. In fine wool with wide revers of crisp, white pique. In navy, powder blue and brown. (14 coupons) **£13 . 14 . 3**

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Oxford Street, London, W.1.



A delightful Housecoat for those rare hours of relaxation...
gaily striped in wonderful colours. Bust sizes: 34, 36, 38.
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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

TWO fishermen named Smith, living near each other, had met with misfortune, one having lost his wife, the other his boat.

A visitor called by mistake on the man who had lost his boat, thinking he was the widower.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," she said. "I'm so sorry to hear of your sad loss."

"Oh, it ain't much matter, mum. She wasn't up to much," he replied.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Aye, she were a rickety old crock. When I went out with her I was always in danger of my life; indeed, I offered her to my mate only last week, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time past."

OSCAR LEVANT, after listening to the late George Gershwin's monologue about himself, inquired:—

"George, if you had it to do over, would you fall in love with yourself again?"

A STORY in *The Natal Mercury* illustrates the housing shortage in America. It concerns an unhappy character who was found struggling for dear life in a river.

"Save me! Save me!" he screamed.

A passer-by stopped. "Where do you live?" he shouted.

"Save me! Save me first," shrieked the drowning man. "We can talk later."

"No, I must know your name and address first," persisted the stranger. Finally the drowning man managed to gurgle out the required information. The stranger was off like a shot.

Breathless, he arrived at the address the drowning man had given him.

"One of your tenants has just been drowned," he told the landlady. "I'd like his room."

"I am sorry," said the woman. "The gentleman who pushed him in has just rented it himself!"

FROM *Stories frae Aberdeen*, Peter Essleont's collection of yarns, comes the following:—

A mother put her little girl on the train at Edinburgh.

At three stations in succession the child inquired of the guard: "Is this York?"

The guard promised to let her know, but forgot. No other stop till London.

He stopped the train at a wayside station, roused the stationmaster out of bed, who offered to let the girl stay till morning and she would be sent back to York.

"It disna matter," said the little girl, "but my mother said I might eat my cake at York."

A RED Indian of considerable culture was engaged to play a part in a Hollywood film.

One day, while he was in the studio awaiting instructions, a film star approached him with the idea of showing a little consideration to "the poor savage."

"Well," he said, kindly, "how do you like our city?"

"Very much, thank you," replied the Red Indian, "and how do you like our country?"



Gertrude Lawrence, who is pictured here in the uniform of the American Red Cross, has recently returned to this country from the United States. She is doing an ENSA tour of British, Imperial and U.S. forces in this country as well as visiting factories and coalfields, and hopes soon to go overseas to entertain our men in the Middle East and Italy, and, if possible, the Allied Expeditionary Army in Europe.

AFTER Sunday morning services in a Boston church, a woman stayed to chat with a friend, leaving her purse on the seat.

When she returned for her purse, it was gone, but she quickly found it in the possession of the clergyman himself.

"I thought I had better hold it," he said. "You must remember that there are some in the congregation so simple that they might consider it an answer to a prayer."

IT was the young man's first visit to the home of his beloved, and he seemed to be making a good impression.

"Have you any objection to a whisky and soda?" asked his host.

"Well," replied the young man, "I've never had one before."

The older man stared. "What! Never had a whisky and soda?"

"No, sir. Never had an objection."

THE insurance agent went to an office for an interview, and was surprised to be shown into a room where two clients of his own firm were involved in a noisy brawl.

One held a £25,000 policy the other a £15,000 policy. The first brandished a knife, the second had drawn a revolver.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the agent, with deep feeling. "Cannot this trouble be patched up?"



For she was beautiful: her beauty made

The bright world dim, and everything beside

Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade.

SHELLEY

Pomeroy still serves Beauty

The loveliness of Edwardian women was world-famous.

Pomeroy served beauty then as it does today.

JEANNETTE POMEROY BEAUTY PRODUCTS
174 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

POMEROY SKIN FOOD
POMEROY BEAUTY MILK
POMEROY CLEANSING CREAM

POMEROY DAY CREAM
POMEROY LIPSTICK
POMEROY POWDER

Prices from 2/10 to 16/6

★ Inclusive of Purchase Tax

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



from the collection in the Model Gown Salon . . .

Simple elegance is the keynote of this town model in plain crêpe, typical of the designs available in plain and printed materials, including a few pure silk.

Debenham & Freebody
LANGHAM 4444. WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenham's Ltd.)

LONDON . . . NEW YORK

COUTURE
SPORT

MATITA

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Figures from the U.S.A.

THE disclosure of news is rapidly becoming a major crime. There was a vast deal of barracking when the Aircraft Production Board of the United States War Production Board issued figures for Allied aircraft output in such a way that ingenious air correspondents were able immediately to calculate from them the British output.

Now talking about British output has been, like laughing in church, a form of irreverence heavily frowned on from Ministry of Aircraft Production pulpits. Exactly why this should be so it has long been difficult to see. In the early days there was good cause for trying to keep our output a secret because it was so much inferior to the enemy's output. But now that we can speak with complete confidence the reason for continued reticence evades me. I was therefore extremely pleased that the Americans refused to have any truck with our idiotic quibbling. We have had too much of those obscure ministerial statements in which the truth is concealed by means of percentages. Why on earth a few persons in authority cannot get back to plain figures and say what they mean instead of what they hope some fools will think they mean I cannot say. Nothing weakened Sir Stafford Cripps's case for the Government administration of Short Brothers more than his obscure reply in the House of Commons wherein he employed percentages which covered up the facts.

I am not suggesting that these high officials are deliberately misleading. But what possible explanation is there for giving a percentage increase rather than a plain statement of what the increase is? There can only be one explanation and that is that it is hoped to mislead somebody, presumably the enemy. But if the enemy is misled by such a statement so must also be the friend. In Britain we always like to be childish when we can, but I think that in this matter of statements as to production, performance and the rest of it, it is time we came out into the open and learned to state the facts directly.

Spitfire Per Cent

LET me give an instance of the kind of thing that happens when percentages are used. At the Spitfire Memorial luncheon a high officer stated what performance improvements had been. But, bowing to the modern custom of obscurity at all costs, he gave these improvements in the form of percentages. It is not a very difficult problem to work out the answers, and I find that he has said that the latest Spitfire has an engine of 1,980 horse-power, that its maximum speed is no less a figure than 465 miles an hour, that its weight is 8,050 lb. and that it can climb to 20,000 feet in five minutes.

Now are these figures right? The loophole, of course, is that I may have taken as starting point a different model Spitfire from the one this officer was thinking about. There may be an earlier Spitfire whose figures for performance were not published and perhaps he was thinking of this one. That is where the obscurity lies, and that is why his percentages, to the logically minded, are valueless. If the Spitfire top speed is indeed 465 miles an hour at the present time, the Ministry of Aircraft Production has been remiss in talking about 400 miles an hour, and some of us have been misled in thinking that the Mustang in certain forms is faster than the best Spitfire.

As a person who has spent his life purveying aeronautical comment and information, I find these quaint methods of obscuring the facts extremely unsatisfactory. If we are not supposed to know the latest Spitfire's performance do not let us talk about it. If we are not supposed to know the output of the British aircraft industry do not let us blather in Parliament about percentage increases. In both aircraft performance and aircraft output hosts of facts must be assembled, assessed and compared before one can get a real picture. For instance, in the 1914-18 war we were producing aircraft faster



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Ft/Sgt. Observer Raymond Airey, of a Bomber Command squadron, received the D.F.M. from the King at an investiture in March. He was cited for gallantry and devotion to duty

than we are today. Every month at the end of that war we turned out nearly 2,700 aircraft. At the end of 1943 the figure (I go on those famous United States facts) was much below this. But direct comparison between these figures would be misleading because of the different nature of the aircraft concerned. Something of the same kind occurs in performance. If the Spitfire of today is better than the original Spitfire Mitchell turned out, would say that the cause is primarily horse-power. One only has to look at the machine to perceive that it has been found impossible to improve on Mitchell's general aerodynamic conception in spite of all efforts.

Buzz Buzz

MANY people naturally fell upon the new terms for bombing which the Allied Expeditionary Air Force set in circulation on May 30. In a curious transatlantic communique we read that the Ninth Fighter Command, "the aerial shock troops of Lieutenant-General Lewis H. Brereton's mobile, invasion-gear'd Ninth Air Force," was using Thunderbolts, or P-47s, for four kinds of bombing: (1) dive bombing, (2) glide bombing, (3) buzz-bombing, and (4) skip-bombing. Buzz-bombing caught the journalistic fancy and quite a number of people were led to think that something utterly new had been introduced. But the fact is that buzz-bombing is exactly the same kind of bombing that the Mosquitoes used when they attacked a house at The Hague. In other words, it is horizontal bombing, the aircraft running up at low level, pointing towards the target. Skip-bombing does not deserve such a good place as buzz-bombing. When one comes to analyse what it is, one sees that it is really ricochet bombing. In other words, the bomb is planted on the ground or water and then caused to bounce towards the target. It does not take a great deal of reasoning to see that such a method must be hopelessly inaccurate.



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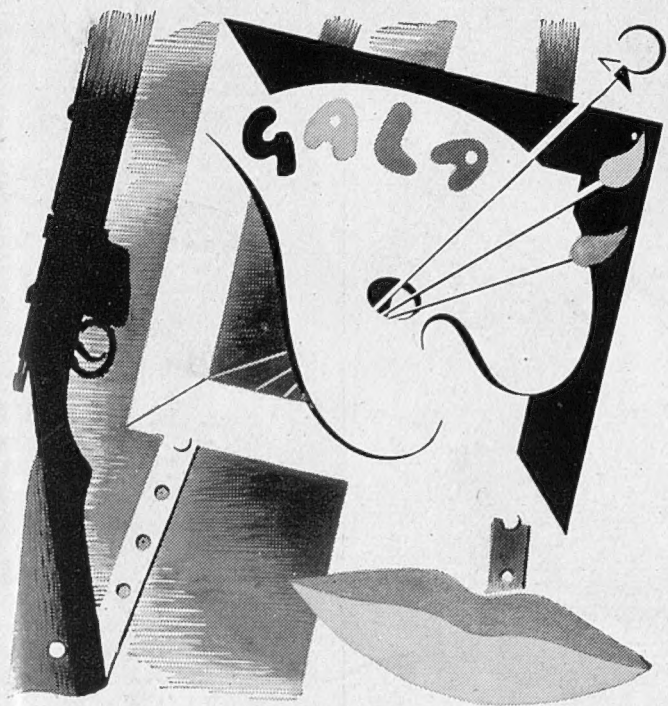
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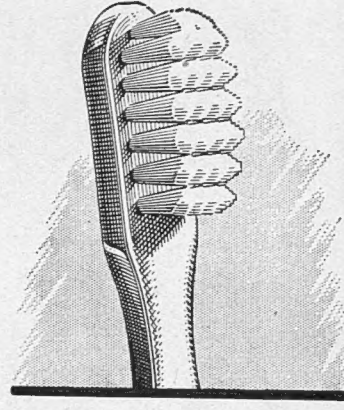
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